THE TATLER.

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New Series.

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GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS.

An Indian Tale, and other Poems. By Benjamin Gough. London. Wilson, 1830. pp. 180.

As the present age is not poetically inclined, it is a relief to know that a young author is backed in his speculation by a copious list of subscribers. The volume before us has not only this advantage, but that of an influential patron, Lord Morpeth, who it seems has been before-hand with the public in bestowing commendation upon it. Our own impression, after a perusal of the principal and several of the smaller poems, is that the author possesses promising talents, but that he is not sufficiently sensible of the superior beauty, as well as permanent attraction, of simplicity to the most elaborate display of ornament. The 'Indian tale,' for instance, founded on a tale by the author of the Kuzzilbash, is, as a narrative, romantic and interesting; and if it produces less than its natural effect in the hands of our author. it is not owing to deficiency of skill, in the management of it, or want of judgment, generally speaking, in the selection or application of his imagery, but chiefly because he has not enough passages unsupported by loftiness of phrase and redundancy of epithet, to relieve the general orientalism of the style, and make their impression merely by their clearness and common sense. In reading the poem, we have remarked a few careless rhymes, and an occasional laxity on the score of familiarity, and now and then a doubtful epithet; but such faults though better avoided, do not greatly detract from the merit of a work otherwise good, provided they are not numerous or gross. We shall not be at the pains to quote them, preferring rather to select something more agreeable and indicative of the author's ability. The story is one of love; the heroine has to decide between the contending claims of a father and a lover; filial affection, habitual veneration, plead one way, but love prevails over both. The following passage, following her consent to fly with her lover, is no unfavourable specimen of our author's manner:—

Yet now she listened; it was strange—
'Twas past belief—that such a change
Should e'er have come upon her heart
And bade her gentler thoughts depart.
She stood and listened unto one
Who bade her break the unison
Which duty and affection round
Her young and sinless spirit bound!
And heard and unbeliever tell
How she might venture *to rebel!*
Yet, such is nature! such is love!
Stronger than death its conquests prove!
Tradition—interests—all give way
Before its soul-impelling sway!
When once it reigns, all else has lost
Its worth, or seems of little cost;
The hopes are centered, all their fire
Burns on the altar of desire;
Earth without those we love is dark—
The sky all clouds, the sun a spark!
We cannot trace the golden wing
That veils the plumy breast of spring;
And summer's flush, and autumn's leaf,
Are but companionships of grief.
The path which duty points we break—
Home, parents, youthful friends forsake,
And fearless, by our love beguiled,
Plunge the dark world's unventured wild;
And holding suffering in scorn,
Courageous press each pointed thorn,
And brave the bitterest blast of fate
Unshrinkingly, and still elate;
So we may share, and share alone,
A bosom that we feel our own!
There is no joy beneath the skies
Like that which flows from Nature's ties,
When Virtue's sanctity, and Heaven
Smile on the boon in goodness given.

LADY M.'S PONY PHAETON.

No. V.

CHEDDAR CLIFFS AND SPAR VENDERS.

TO LADY SARA B.

I missed your cordial smile, my beloved sister, on our return last week to the home of our ancestors; and rejoice to find that your excursion to Keswick with the Baroness will not be protracted beyond the 1st of next month. I am not sorry that our vehicle is laid up in ordinary for the coming winter; I hate the preparations for the funeral of Nature, and would fain migrate with the joyous birds, to perpetual summer.

This weather is very melancholy,—the sad leaves drop from their feeble stems,—some finding a quiet grave, while others—and far more pitiable they are to my feelings—are hurried from their weakened hold upon existence by the winds, which, like remorseless creditors, seize their prey, and with impotent revenge, bandy the dreary dead among their living peers. These trappings of autumn are, to my fancy, like the gauds in which waning females too often array themselves, in the vain hope to cheat all eyes except their own: they, like the trees, feel the spring of life relaxing, and like them, throw over their wasting forms the Harlequin Pall of gaudy colouring.

Heigh ho! The gayest spirits, like the highest tides, find ever the lowest ebb; but the demon of ennui shall never possess me, I am determined; I have your letter before me, in which your desire to be informed of our late incursion among the Cheddar Cliff Spar Venders, —so with my feet on the fender, in the library, I thus bid defiance to autumnal glooms, and railing winds, and exhaustless clouds, like humoured children,—weeping in very spite. Behold us then at Weston, [illegible] our intention was to return home, by way of Axbridge and Cheddar. The pocket map therefore was open on the table after dinner, at one of the bushless hotels, and our route being chalked out, when the words 'Eastern, and Western in gordano,' caught my eye. I had often before pondered on the meaning of these most singular Somersetshire names, with the usual results that attend abstract speculations; and I was again trying my little ineffectual skill, in tracing the probable etymology of this problematical word 'gordano,' which so provokingly attracts my attention every time I open the map—when

I recollected that a Latin dictionary might assist me in my difficulties. I did not fail then, on my return to the park, to dive among the crabbed lore of old 'Petrus Danetius,' and there I found 'Gorduni, (genitive, Gordunorum) Les Gorduniens, Peuples de la Gaule Belgique: aujourd 'huy les gantois en Handres, ou les Peuples de la gaud.' I applied next to Wilkinson's 'Atlas classica,' to corroberate my discovery; but I was less fortunate, for nothing could I find so conclusive as 'Gaud,' or 'Gautois,' in the beautiful map of 'Gallia antiqua;' next came under review, that quaint and comprehensive book 'Salmon'sGeography,' but nothing of a nearer affinity than 'Ghent' could I discover. 'Brookes's Gazetteer' then occurred to my recollection; and there I found 'Gaud,—see Ghent.' The reference confirmed my dawning hopes, that they would prove to be the ancient and modern name for the same place. 'Weston in Gordano then doubtless means the town—the *west* town of the Gauds or Ghent people!' exclaimed I; 'it is but substituting an *a* for a *u*,—and what antiquarian would hesitate to commit so trifling a peccadillo?'

I fear I vaunted rather overweeningly, when I had achieved this, my first research among the indistinct records of hoar antiquity!

I had been laughingly styled 'Mrs Monkbarns,' while I was poring over our ponderous Danetius; and it was not in (*my*) woman's nature to conceal an achievement, attained in defiance of ridicule! '*Mrs* Monkbarns,' too! how the feminine adjunct to Jonathan's patronymic, jostled and upset all one's staid notions of his domestic economy.

Miss Oldbuck repudiated for a wife, it would be quite impossible to tolerate!—Mrs Monkbarns!!

Then came thronging, visions of stanch old Wilkin Hammock, that jewel of a Hemming,—and his noble hearted daughter Roschen. 'Who knows,' said I, 'but a colony of his founding, originated this Gordanian town? Do let us go and explore the spot: only fancy the fulling mills!' But we must hasten back to the gay dining-room at Weston, where we have been sitting an unconscionable time over our wine. The South looked murky as we left the town, and threatened us with a wet evening. For the first five miles, our road (through Locking), was over the same dead flat in a different direction,—on which the ocean had once tumbled; but we soon began to wind among the Western extremities of the Mendip Hills, which we finally crossed, before we reached Axbridge. The heights were very noble to our left, and as we drove along at their base, we watched the appearances of rain, which now rapidly began to increase. The Mendips had certainly beckoned the eager clouds from the distant quantocks; for they came scudding over the plain, in misty groups, and went hurrying and skimming up the very surface of the sullen rocks beside us, at a pace that would speedily have distanced Milton's 'labouring clouds.' Having gained the summit they formed themselves into a committee, abjured any 'board of control,' and quickly decided the fate of the evening; for before we reached Cheddar, an envious haze had spread itself over the vale, and nearly excluded the grand features of the hills from our view. As we were prevented from exploring, so much as we had intended, of this celebrated rift in the rocks, called 'Cheddar Cliffs,' it may be as well dear Sara, to transcribe a condensed account of it, from the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' for your amusement.

'One of the caverns (Cheddar), extends nearly a mile in length through the hills, displaying to the eye, a scene truly awful and sublime. In many places, its rugged walls, rise more than 400 feet in perpendicular heights, and at others, fall into obliquities of double that elevation. Here are caverns whose yawning mouths seem to mark them as the opening of gloomy avenues. These rocks of immense magnitude, hang over the tremendous gulf, holding the mind of the spectator suspended between feelings of horror and sentiments of majestic grandeur. The chasm called Cheddar Cliffs, is certainly the most striking object of its kind in England.'

[To be continued.]

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

Fare thee well, sea-girt Albion! farewell to thy shore;
Other scenes—other ties—are awaiting me now;
Doomed, perchance, to behold thee, my country, no more,
And to live far away by the sweat of my brow;
Where, instead of each valley and sweet sunny plain,
The Canadian forests will greet me in gloom;
And the eye will look round, and the heart sigh in vain
For a glimpse of the pleasures, the blessings of home!

Never more in my own native land shall I hear
The gay lark shrilling carol to heaven his lay;
But the roar of the lion will fall on my ear,
And the serpent's dread hiss strike my soul with dismay.
Oh, whatever a far distant land may bestow
As a boon to stern industry's labours on me,
It can ne'er from my heart take the burden of woe,
Which I feel at thus parting, Old England, from thee!

D. G. O.

LETTER XXX OF MARGARET.

[Concluded.]

[The following paragraph, forming the conclusion of letter 30, was unavoidably omitted in our last.]

London,——

"For a twelvemonth did this amiable woman remain lonely; a widow as she herself expressed it, to her principles; fearing likewise that the caprices of the human heart might have had some share in her determination to separate from Dorville, she resolved to weigh well all the motives that had urged her, and, for her children's sake, even to solicit a marriage with their father, should his conduct warrant a renewal of her esteem. In this hope she was disappointed; the nature and variety of his connections, proving him heartless and depraved, and unfit for the society of a tender and refined female. The shock was severe to poor Louisa's feelings, but she did not yield to it; she was sustained by the love she bore her children; and being young and of a cheerful disposition, despaired not of happier realizations for herself. But she could no longer remain in his neighbourhood, and set out to join her father, who was an officer in the Prussian service. Shortly after, she was united to a young gentleman, in every respect worthy of her; and the facility of divorce in Prussia renders the parties nearly as little fettered, except by inclination, as if they pursued her original system; which with good and generous men may succeed, but in general exposes the female party (already but too unfairly used by the world) to all the ill consequences of shame, remorse, and desertion, if she meet with fickle or depraved natures."

Do not you remark, my dear Emily, throughout this little historiette, how kind and liberal are all Sir William's sentiments towards our sex? That alone should make him a great favourite with us, who feel acutely the grievances and unwise restraints to which we are subjected. But it is ever thus with good men: from libertines and fools, alone, have we to dread injustice and illiberality. Adieu, dear Emily. Ever believe me your affectionate

Margaret.

THE FALLEN ANGELS.

Man's far aspiring mind hints what ye were—
And what ye are, his passions, pains, aver!
But say, where dwel' ye mighty spirits, where?
Do ye unresting wander earth and air?
May be the lightnings shoot forth from your eyes;
The loud tornadoes are your frantic sighs;
The deep volcanic fire, a living trace
Of your restrained, but never quenching pride:
And yon vast ocean's dark unfathomed tide,
The gathered tears of myriads of your race?

C. H.

MORNING.

'Tis sweet while yet the dew is dropping
From bending boughs at morning hour,
When first the am'rous bee 'gins sipping
Sweet honey from the blushing flower;
Ere mortal's tumult hath begun,
On shores from whence the sea has fled
To stand and watch the go'den sun
Rise glorious from his silver bed.

G. C—n.

THEATRICALS.

GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH OPERAS.

The opera of *Fidelio* has during its two latter representations derived additional attraction from the appointment of Herr Hauser to the part of *Rocquo*, the gaoler. He, we are informed, is esteemed the best *Leporello* of the German opera. Certain it is, that as an actor, he ranks considerably higher than Müller, whom he has superseded in the part of the Gaoler, and he is a better singer too, being a more correct musician, and possessing a purer intonation. The quality of his voice would not be reckoned remarkable in any company, yet he forms another instance of the higher value that attaches to a rational style, good intonation, and correct knowledge, compared with a fine organ and meretricious accomplishments, with confined and superficial knowledge. This most admirable opera is now performed in absolute perfection. Its last representation, on Wednesday, the 20th, forming the sixth of our own attendance, sent us home with enhanced feelings of delight and admiration of the great genius that had conceived that noble succession of movements, and of satisfaction with the musicians who had given them voice. The design and intention of the composer become more and more apparent with each performance, and new beauties continually spring up either in the accompaniments, or in the minute expression of the vocal passages that we had before only casually noticed. The whole of the music in the prison scene may be examined bar by bar, and the genius of Beethoven will become more and more admirable from the test. This, with the scena of Haitzinger; and that of Madame Schroeder at the close of the first act, appear to us the gems of the whole composition; and the two latter, for intense pathos, will not fade before the noblest efforts of any master.

Our unqualified preference of the German music that is formed upon the models of such men as Gluck, Mozart, and Beethoven does not arise from mere prejudice or partizanship: we care not who are the composers, and whence they derive their origin: we desire to be delighted and improved in a charming and useful science, and we are never satiated with the writings of the men just named. We should not from prejudice alone go night after night to a performance, the merits of which we do not feel to be of a high class, and we therefore confess that we could not *attend* to six successive representations of any opera of the *modern* Italian school, because we feel its style to be founded upon an unsound principle—that of pandering to the full blown vanity and fantasticalness of the singer, rather than yielding to the unerring dictates of nature in the expression of true passion. Another instance occurred of this nature on Saturday evening, in the new opera by Bellini—*La Straniera*, then performed for the first time in this country. Cart-ropes would not hale us to *six* hearings of that music, and the majority of the orchestra would, we understand, be glad to be relieved from a repetition of it. A third performance will probably form the limit of their endurance.

The orchestra of the German company will in future derive another improvement from the accession of the principal performers in the Tuesday and Saturday's band. We shall now have the increased pleasure of hearing the accompaniments supported by such men as Dragonetti, Lindley, Wilman, and Platt. Mr Chelard, the conductor's, opera of *Macbeth* will be brought forward on Friday, and Mozart's *Don Juan*, as it is performed in Germany, will follow upon its heels. We know nothing, but by report, of the music to the *Macbeth*, but if it possess real merit, we would ask what four Italian operas, of all that have been represented this season, will stand by the four first in succession that the Germans will have performed?

Mr Mason has very wisely substituted another performer for the part which Madame Cinti sustained in the French opera of *Robert le Diable*. Upon the conclusion of her engagement, Madame Cinti refused to renew it upon the same terms, and with the true conceit of a singer, so ridiculously over-estimated her powers of attraction, as to demand terms which no one in his senses could listen to for a moment. The manager, we hear, offered her *one hundred* for the first representation after the expiration of her engagement, and sixty pounds per night for herself and husband for every succeeding performance. These enormous terms she modestly rejected, and the result has been, that the little German, Mademoiselle Schneider, at the short notice of three days' study, engaged to sing the same part, and this she did so cleverly, and to the satisfaction of the audience, as to receive their distinct approval after the fall of the curtain. This is just as it should be: Madame Cinti may now confine herself, during the remainder of her stay here, to concert-singing.

HAYMARKET.

The new farce of *The Wolf and the Lamb*, produced here or Saturday last, is the production of Mr Mathews, jun., son of the eminent comedian.

At the rising of the curtain we discover, chatting at their work-table, *Mrs Bellenden* (Miss Taylor) and *Henrietta* (Mrs Ashton): apart stands *Mary* (Mrs Humby), the waiting-maid, lending in a word 'on occasion.' We soon learn that the former is a young widow from London, that *Henrietta* is her unmarried sister, and that they are now together in country retirement,—occasionally visited by a good-natured guardian, *General Dragonfell* (Strickland), who has a comfortable habit of finding everything that is 'all right.' He arrives, but notwithstanding the easiness of his philosophy, is startled to find that a young *Colonel Bronze* (Cooper) is a pretty constant visitor at the cottage. It is not long ere the *Colonel* enters, and is recognised by the *General* as the nephew of

an old friend; but, unluckily, he recollects also that the said nephew is a *roué* and seducer. The *General* proclaims this alarming fact in presence of the *Colonel* and the ladies, to whom it occasions a momentary consternation, speedily dispersed by the *Colonel's* stating that his uncle has another nephew, who is the dangerous fellow who committed this, that, and the other enormity. Now, the night previous, it appears that a chaise broke down in passing the door, and that the gentleman therein, a professed admirer of the widow while in London, had been hospitably lodged in the house last night. He enters to pay his acknowledgments, and who is he but *Bob Honeycomb* (W. Farren), the identical 'nephew,' upon whose shoulders the *Colonel* has just been laying his own sins; and who is, instead of being a *roué*, the very *ideal* of bashfulness and timidity in all affairs of love or gallantry. The *Colonel's* representations, however, produce their intended effect, and poor *Honeycomb* is regarded by all as a monster to be shunned, and he is, with due courtesy, informed that his chaise will be ready for him to-morrow morning. But we must state something of the objects of the various parties. The *Colonel* has conceived an honest attachment to the widow, and *Honeycomb*, whose heart had been made in the first instance a little restless by the same lady, is now, though he don't know how to get it told, the ardent admirer of the sister: she, too,—but that he does not know,—is not indisposed towards him. *Honeycomb* unfolds his embarrassing situation to his cousin, who undertakes his cause, but avails himself of the opportunity to make his own declaration to the widow, which is not unfavourably received. Meanwhile, *Honeycomb*, willing to second his own cause, endeavours to secure the intermediate services of *Mary*, to whom, failing to induce her to listen to him, he, as a last resource, offers his purse. She, mistaking his intentions and character, rings the bell violently, which brings in the *General*, who puts the natural interpretation upon what he sees. *Honeycomb's* next misadventure is with the widow, to whom he is about to declare his love—for her sister. She, having heard of the affair with the maid, and already prepossessed against him, refuses also to hear him—he falls on one knee to intreat, and at this unlucky moment, the General again enters, and the natural misconception that he is now making love to the widow, of course ensues. *Honeycomb* in vain protests that it is the sister he is now in love with; nobody believes him. At this juncture, *Henrietta* enters. The *General* insists upon *Honeycomb's* immediately making his declaration to her; he attempts, but cannot,—'on compulsion.' The *General* then insists that he shall either fight him or marry her. 'Marry her!' exclaims *Honeycomb*, 'why that is the very thing I want to do.' This avowal, and the entrance of the *Colonel*, brings about the needful explanations;—the latter is forgiven his deceptions, on professing himself reformed and sincere, and each nephew is rewarded with the hand of the lady of his choice.

For a first attempt this little production is one of the most successful we have seen. The humour of the piece is latent at the commencement, begins to shew itself after the entrance of the *Colonel*, attains its height on the appearance of *Honeycomb*, and is sustained equally from that point to the close. The dialogue is in good taste and pleasantly sprinkled with comic equivoque; the characters of the nephews are well conceived, or rather imitated from approved models,—that of the timid one, a comparative novelty on the stage.

Cooper played the *Colonel con amore*; and Farren, in a part wholly different from any he usually plays, showed himself as much at home as in the best of them. His description of his own timidity (a well-written part of the piece) was exceedingly and irresistably laughable. There is not much in the other characters, but such as they are, they are well played. Miss Taylor, we thought, played with increased judgment, avoiding those exaggerations of style, which in some instances have lessened the effect of her general cleverness.

BOX-KEEPING ABUSES.—We have more complaints sent to us on this subject, the following is one:—'At the Haymarket Theatre, unless you are disposed to give a shilling for accommodation, you are told by an inebriated Jack in office, that it is the express desire of Mr Morris that no orders are to be admitted into the front boxes of the first circle. On the occasion of Mr Kean's last performance, I was rudely thrust into a back seat of the side boxes with my wife and daughter, although, at the same time, four boxes were unoccupied in the front of the circle, two of which remained so until one of these accommodating box-door openers, placed three ladies of the saloon into front seats, which, for the sake of public decency, might have been more respectably appropriated by a party who entered the theatre with orders, signed by Mr Morris himself.—A WELL-WISHER TO MR MORRIS, AND A CONSTANT READER OF THE TATLER.

The French plays are to commence on Monday next, July 2. The names of the performers engaged for this series have not been published, with the exception of those of Mdlle. Mars, Mdlle. Taglioni, M. Coulon, her brother, and M. Laporte himself.

Reports are various respecting the future intentions of the Drury Lane lessee. One is that he has engaged Paganini, and is to have concerts during the recess. With regard to next season, it is now said that Wallack does not go to America, and is to remain at Drury Lane.

Mr C. Kemble and Miss F. Kemble will play at Liverpool and Edinburgh previous to their departure for America, which will take place in August.

July 2 is announced as the opening night of the English Opera Company at the Olympic.

Mr Jerrold's new Comedy is to be brought out at the Strand Theatre on Thursday: it is called *The Golden Calf*. Does the dramatist rely for support on the number of worshippers of that idol in this city? Mr Abbott, and Mr Keeley, of Covent Garden, are to appear in it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To several poetical correspondents we beg to say that in selecting from the communications made to us, we are guided by what we believe will be most acceptable to our readers, and are often conscious of considerable merit in pieces, which, for some cause or other, we do not insert. To all we feel obliged.

We agree with Philo Scriberius; happily the alternative he apprehended has been spared us.

We discern in W. O.'s letter, through all his objections, a friendliness, which we are concerned not to have satisfied. He is, however, mistaken on some points; without disputing about the issue, there has been more sanguine hope than flaming promise; and with respect to the difference in quantity, it amounts to little or nothing.

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